14739

MERCY
TRIUMPHING OVER
IUDGEMENT
OR, A
WARNING FOR
SABBATH-BREAKERS.

Publiſhed for Gods glory and the benefit of all true Chriſtians.

By *me* Thomas Jones, *Of the City of Hereford.*

Who for prophaning the Lords Day was moſt miraculouſly ſtrucken by the hand of God, and utterly depriv'd of all my ſenſes, for the ſpace of 4 years; and now by his great mercy (upon my hearty repentance) being perfectly reſtored to my former health, I was moved to ſet forth this enſuing Relation, as a teſtimony of my thankfulneſſe to God for his fatherly chaſtiſement; and that all others by my example, may be deterred from ſo hainous an offence as Sabbath-breaking.

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1 *Cor.* 10. 11. *Now all theſe things happened for examples. Therefore remember that yee keepe holy the Sabbath day.* *Exod.* 20. 8.

London Printed by *E. P.* for *Iohn Wright* the Younger, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

Goe little Booke, present thy selfe.

Cum Privilegio.

THE PROLOGUE.

BEloved Christians, before I was punished for my sins I followed mine owne wayes, but now I desire to keepe the Commandements of my God; therefore I will first relate unto you in Prose the manner of my chastisement, and what I conceive to be the cause wherefore I was afflicted. Upon the Lords day or Sabbath called Whitsunday, in the yeare 1624. I disobayed the Lord, and violated that great day in Cursing, Swearing, Drinking, and keeping of bad company, making an Alehouse, or a worse place my chiefest Sanctuary all that day, from which time my memory was taking from me for seaven weekes, that I could never since remember any thing I did, being eight dayes after that offence committed in perfect health, and cannot conceive how I spent the next Lords day, but on Trinity-monday riding to a wedding my horse stumbled, in a plaine greene way, and cast me from off his backe upon a stone, where (as I am enformed) was scarce another stone to be seene for halfe a mile, thence was I carried home to the Priory of Brecknock as dead, and lay as one languishing for a weeke, having a Physitian and a Chyrurgion with me, but could not see where the fracture was, for outwardly there was no wound to be seene, nevertheless the Sirgeon conceiving where the fracture was, (and that I might dye within three dayes if the braine had not vent) immediatly made an incision in the

The PROLOGUE.

Temples on the right side of my head, and cutting all the Veines in that place, I bled by report six or seaven quarts of blood before the veines stopt bleeding, yet at the seaven weekes end I was almost recovered of that desperate wound, and my memory came to me againe, but how, when, or where, I was thus chastised, I know not, nor whether I felt any paine, when I was so grievously wounded, and cured, I could not, nor can I remember, onely my violating or prophaning the Lords day (before declared) I did, and doe as yet remember, which made me demand of the Surgeon and others that were about me, at the seaven weekes end, how long it was since Whitsuntide. *And being commanded in a dreame to give an account of the Talent which was given me, since I repented for violating the Lords day, I have made bold to present these my endeavours to your charitable censures: not doubting but if the rest of my Talent were manifest to the world it would be pleasing to God and man, most beneficiall and usefull for this Kingdome, and fit for all young Clearkes, Schollers, and Artificers, who understand not the* Latine *Tongue which I wanted my selfe before my Lord and Master corrected me.*

T

To the VVorſhipfull and wor-

thily honoured HERBRT PRISE *Eſquire, one of the Queenes Majeſties Gentlemen Sewers. To his Vertuous, Religious, and Zealous Wife, the Lady* Goditha Priſe, *heretofore one of the maids of her Majeſties privy Chamber, and to their onely Childe Miſtreſſe* Henriete Maria Priſe, *one of her Majeſties GOD-Daughters.*

MOſt bleſſed three, one God, Divinity
Protect thy number (ſacred Trinity)
To whom I proſtrate here thy gift, my will,
Grant them O Lord the peace of Conſcience ſtill,
True honours grace (thou knowſt) I as a Bird
Eſcapt the Foulers ſnare when death was fear'd,
My braines being chruſht, my Temples crackt, I fled
From thence, and by a bleſſed Angell led;
The Spirit of grace, my faith, my hope reviv'd,
And for theſe ſeaventeene yeares hath me repriv'd
From death, to ſhew the world Gods gift, this Story
That Sabbath-Breakers might behold my glory;

And Gods elect may see the reason why
I was so plung'd in dreadfull misery:
The truth it doth declare at large, and how
Upon repentance God doth mercy show:
This gift is his, which humbly I present,
In hope you'l please t'accept the good intent

Of him who praise,
Your honoured dayes,
May Zealous be,
Eternallie.
His life is yours
While heart endures.

THOMAS JONES.

Ana-

An Acroſtick on his name. { *Anagram* Herbert Priſe. *her ripe Breſt.* } *An Acroſtick on his Anagram in the laſt words of theſe Lines, invented by the Author.*

H e made his mothers breſt full ripe in Her; H
E ver ſhe hopes her ripe breſt will not Erre; E
R eligious Zeale within her breſt doth Raigne, R
B reſt ripe in him all vice he doth Refraine, R
E nrich his heart, (moſt wiſe) his Faith In creaſe, I
R ipe is his Breſt, his Soule the Heav'ns would Pleaſe: P
T he ſhe ripe breſt her Piety Exceeds, E
P arting her Zeale to him, in him it Breeds: B
R ule Lord his heart and make his fortunes Riſe, R
I n all reſpects, before great Monarchs Eyes: E
S end him true health, true wealth, and let him See, S
E ach ſev'rall good deſcendeth downe from Thee. T

The Capitalls beginning ſhewes his name,
Thoſe in the ends declares his Anagram.

An Acroſtick on her name. Goditha Priſe *Praiſe thy God.* *An Acroſtick on her Anagram.*

G reat Mountaines ſtoope let *Cedars* have the *Praiſe*,	P
O're Hills, o're Dales, Gods glory they doe Raiſe,	R
D eepe Seas and Flouds the Sunne doth oft Annoy,	A
I n ev'ry place the Sun's the *Cedars* Joy;	J
T hen *Praiſe thy God* brave *Cedar*, truly Sound	S
H im thy beſt tap, his bleſſings hath no End.	E
A ll bleſſed pow'rs, whoſe Patience man doth Try,	T
P owre down your grace on her, *Praiſe God* on Hye,	H
R are *Cedar* bleſt Gods Heav'nly ſhade Intreat,	I
I mmortall Tree, moſt bleſt, moſt high, moſt Great	G
S pread forth, and *Praiſe thy God*, thou art his Owne,	O
E xtoll his name who ſends all bleſſings Downe,	D

The *Capitalls* beginning ſhewes her name,
Thoſe at the ends declares her *Anagram*.

Anagram

Anagram.

An Acroſtick on her name { Henriete Maria Priſe, / *I remaine the aſpirer.* }

ere is that *Cedars Branch* whoſe name aſpire,
xalted by a Queene, what Subject higher?
ow *Praiſe thy God* ſweet branches Roote againe
ejoyce in him, his love doth ſtill remaine.
aith the Lord, will powre on them my grace,
ven I will ſhield this *Branch* in ev'ry place;
h'immortall life that comes in ev'ry bud,
ncreaſe her ſtrength, and feed her with thy blood.

aintaine this *Branch* aſpiring, with thy love,
nd bleſſe her Dayes, make her a Turtle Dove:
egard the Zeale of this young *Branthers Stcke*,
ncreaſe their Faith, they are thy ſheepe, thy Flocke;
ll joyfull Trees and Plants about them grow,
alme Trees and *Cedars* unto them ſhall Bowe:
are vines ſhall twiſt about this *Branch*, a Tree
n Time, but then a *Cedar* ſhe ſhall bee,
weet, vertuous, lovely, comely to behold,
ach ſprig and leafe ſhall be of beaten Gold.

To

To all true Christians,
READERS *and others.*

SIth Schollers Toads and Spiders doe commend,
I hope a Tradesmans Mite cannot offend;
Such venomous creatures Christians loath, or hate,
But this my Mite may prove more fortunate;
Yet Toads and Spiders serve God in their kind,
And doth his will, whereto they are assign'd:
Each creeping thing's ordain'd by Gods decree,
All things were made for man in some degree,
The Poyson which makes vermine breake, or swell,
Most precious is, Physitians best can tell:
Yet though they loathsome are to mortall eyes,
Within this world their shame and sorrow dyes:
But man who sins on earth continually,
Death shall not end his shame, nor misery;
Then doth his woe begin, for whom I pray,
Although they scorne and hate what now I say,
Then shall he know that God caus'd me to write,
The Sabbaths praise, (his gift) or Tradesmans Mi
Then shall proud gallants wish would they had bin
As weake as I, or vermine void of sin,
Sin's therefore worse then death, then Hell, the Devi
And of all sin, Pride is the greatest evil,

Pr

ide makes men hate, and loath, and ſcorne the poor,
t ſhall a Tradeſ-mans Mite ſtrike every door,
en therefore and let inſtruction in,
ſerve Gods day with zeale, abandon ſin,
en in this world thou ſhalt begin true joy,
r Death and Hell Chriſt Jeſus did deſtroy:
ough Reprobates this Mite doth diſcommend,
e gift of God my faith ſhall have no end.

Before I declare the manner of that feareſull Accident
ich I conceive happened to me for prophaning the Sabbath
e Lord my God) I will recite unto you the firſt Verſes that
I made, which is the gift of God beſtowed on me ſince his
ſtiſement, contayning a Dialogue betweene my Soule and
. And in the end of this Pamphlet, you ſhall ſee the Prayer
ch I made when I was deprived of my ſpeech and Sences.
n Acroſtick Elegie *on my brothers name, made at the*
es of his death, my deſcent, my owne, and wives Ana-
s, her deſcent, an Acroſtick *on her name, made on the*
s ſhe ſpake on her Death-bed, I lamented her death, and
ded with a thanksgiving and Prayer in Verſe.
which Booke I have added an Antidot for troubled Soules,
fruit of repentance: which a friend deliverd unto me ſince
s recovered of my numneſſe.

The Authors first beginning t
make Verſes, which ſtraine came naturally to him ſince his affliction.

A Dialogue betweene his Soule and Bodie.

The Argument.

I Lay amaz'd when as I ſeem'd as dead,
I thought my Soule was from my Body fled,
She wings did take, and through the Clouds did ſore,
Which made me faint, then God I did implore,
To view my doleſull, wretched, ghaſtly plight,
Moſt weake, as dead I ſeem'd in mortalls ſight:
Then't was Gods will we ſhould diſcourſe in Verſe,
In theſe plaine tearmes which now I will rehearſe.

The I

THE DIALOGUE.

SOVLE.

I Like a Pilgrime wandred to and fro,
Twixt heav'n & earth, ſtill croſt by mans dread ſo,
To heaven I fled where bleſſed Soules remaine,
The ſpirit from thence did ſend me backe againe
To earth, to thee from whom amaz'd I fled,
When gapsing on the ground thou layſt as dead:
Then he who doth by feare his ſervants prove,
Sent me againe to teſtifie his love.

BODY.

WElcome ſweet ſoule thrice welcome unto me,
We liv'd as one, I thought we did agree;
I wept, I mournd, ſince you did me diſdaine,
As dead I liv'd, which caus'd me to complaine:
A ſudden death I ever thought a curſe,
But your departure made mine ſeeme far worſe;
Yet ſenſeleſſe did I live, I felt no paine,
Nor know I when, or how I did complaine.

Soule.

SOVLE.

WHen from earth's Center I did mount on (high
The damned Fiend purſu'd me inſtantly,
And there proclam'd what ſins I did commit,
Which made me quake, and feare, and tremble. Yet
My faith, my hope and feare, together ſtrave,
Faith hope embrac'd, but feare no reſt could have:
Then did my chiefe commander this decree,
That I ſhould redeſcend to earth in thee.

BODY.

GOds juſtice is ſevere, yet mercy found
Me out, when I lay tumbling on the ground,
And then I thought th'immortall ſpirit ſaid,
Chriſt dy'd for him ſad ſoule be not afraid,
Returne, returne, let nothing thee diſmay,
Chriſt is thy life, thy health, thy helpe, thy ſtay;
The Trine that's bleſt likewiſe thoſe words he ſpake,
When death perforce would thy poſſeſſion take.

SOVLE.

THy faith, thy hope, hath ſent me backe with joy
Abandon feare, Chriſt will our Foes deſtroy,
Thy faith God ſaw, thy hope, thy heart, thy zeale,
When at his feet I humbly did appeale;

is ſacred ſpirit ſhew'd thee then his will,
auſe on his mercy thou dependedſt ſtill;
ow ſee, behold, his love hath ſent me backe
o thee, his grace therefore we ſhall not lacke.

BODY.

AS heav'n bright Sun doth cleare the miſti'ſt morn,
So doth my ſoule refreſh my heart forlorne,
s heav'nly dewes the parched earth doe cheriſh,
o doth my ſoule my heart, who thought to periſh;
Cynthias beames makes cleare the ſable night,
bright my ſoule doth ſhine, to me moſt light;
heav'n and earth obeys our God the chiefe,
would my heart, his will be done in briefe.

SOVLE.

THy hapleſſe fall a happy chance did prove,
Thy faith, thy hope hath gaind thy Saviours love,
hat ſuddaine fearefull ſpectacle moſt ſtrange,
eclares thy faith, which ſcornes for feare to change:
d turneth griefe and feare to happy ends;
oſt happy they who on his aid depends,
ch is thy faith, thy griefe, thy feare alſo,
hich ſhewes Gods love and mercy after wo.

BODY.

Lo,

A Dialogue.

LO, where Gods dreadfull ſtreame did runne, the
Faith, hope & zeale, his mercy it o'reflows, (grow
My ſhield is Chriſt, the Trinity I praiſe,
Whoſe love and mercy hath prolong'd my dayes;
With ardent zeale I will on God depend,
Sweet ſoule revive, my ſorrows here ſhall end:
Let mutuall love in us againe be ſeene,
More ſtrong, more firme, then heretofore hath been

SOVLE.

ALthough thy foule fraile ſpotted ſins did draw
Gods direfull wrath on thee, obſerve his Law:
Th'Apoſtle *Paul* Chriſts Goſpel did deny,
The Prophet *Ionas* thought from God to flye,
Yet God in mercy did their ſins forgive,
And they eternally with him ſhall live:
Therefore O Lord keepe us from Satans clawes,
And hunger ſtarve his guts and greedy jawes.

SOVLE and BODY.

HEre on the earth againe in one we live,
Heav'ns grant we may no more offend, nor grie
Bleſt be the night when feare did make her us part,
Bleſt be that day when God did prove my heart,
Bleſſed be him who did Gods wrath appeaſe,
Bleſſed be him who doth my faith increaſe:
Bleſſe me yee pow'rs divine, (three one moſt wiſe,)
Make all my thoughts and deeds pleaſe thy bleſt ey

W

A WARNING FOR Sabbath-Breakers.

WHen as the All-seeing God of Gods did give
The Reins to me, I carelesly did live,
For on his great and Sacred day of rest,
His Sabbath made for man, which he hath blest,
I with the vulgar ran and did transgresse
His chiefe command, which here I will expresse:
On *Whitsunday* that's past was sixteene yeere;
I grossly sinn'd, (shewing griefe and feare,
For in the morne when from the bed I rose,
The world, the flesh, the Divell did dispose
Of me, and made me rave, disdaine and sweare,
My heart was vext, which made me then forbeare
To goe to Church, to ease my troubled mind,
But in an Ale-house thought more ease to find,
Where I Tobacco tooke, and healths did drinke,
Of *Whitsunday* I never once did thinke,
Nor of Gods will, that morne I thus did spend,
Till Divine prayers, and Sermon both did end;
Then in that Ale-house I my dinner tooke,
Gods word, his House, that day my heart forsooke,

Yet after noone *I* to my Maſter went
To waite on him to Church, but my intent
Was croſt by ſloth, for by the way *I* met
His ſpouſe and him, and children all compleat,
Then with his ſervants did I goe along
Unto the Church, but from that zealous throng
I did depart, and *I* againe did goe
Unto thoſe joviall lads, whoſe zeale *I* know
For my returne did ſtay, among them there
I tippled ſtill, Gods wrath we did not feare.
But when *I* askt if Evening prayer were done,
A Maid replyd that Sermon was begun.
Then up we ſtood, a health we did begin,
A Frollicke cal'd, no thought that day of ſin,
But when we thought that Sermon was nere ended,
To Church we did repaire, yet *I* attended
Still at the doore, as if at Church *I* was
With zeale devout, but this *I* brought to paſſe
When from Gods Houſe we all departed home,
I privatly deſir'd my Maſters groome
To helpe me to a horſe, that *I* might goe
To viſit her, whom he too well did know;
Which he with ſpeed perform'd cauſe ſicke he lay,
There did I ſpend the reſt of Gods bleſt day;
But how or when *I* did returne againe,
Or where the horſe *I* rid on did remaine,
Or eight dayes after being ſound and well,
What then *I* did, *I* never ſince can tell:
But by report of honeſt worthy men,
On Trinity munday next that followed then,

that
the
me
er
hild.

A ſpeciall friend repoſed truſt in me,
To gaine a Licence for him ſpeedily:
Then to my friend the Regiſter *I* went,
Who inſtantly performed my intent,
He forthwith brought the Licence ſeald to me,
For which *I* paid to every Clarke his fee;
That Antidote *I* thought with ſpeed to bring,
To eaſe their hearts who felt blind *Cupids* ſting;
But they who thought each houre, I ſtayd a day,
With all their friends began to lead the way:
Cauſe Evening came, and far they had to ride
Unto the houſe who for them did provide,
Then after them I rid with joy and ſpeed,
To ſhew my love *I* brought them what they need,
Their Licence 'twas, for which they long had ſtaid,
The ſight of it did make their hearts apaid;
When they the ſame receiv'd I went on ſtill,
Till *Phœbus* light was clouded with a hill;
Then from them did I part, with many mo,
Who thought with me to *Breckn cke* back to go,
But marke the end, when we were at a ſtand,
A Glo-worme came and lighted on my hand,
Then did *I* ride before when it was night,
And bragging ſaid, that God had ſent me light,
With that *I* fell from of my horſes backe,
And on a ſtone, my ſcull I there did cracke;
My friends amazed ſtood, *I* lay as dead,
No wound they ſaw, but inwardly I bled,
Which ſtroake my friends and fellows in a feare,
Some griev'd & ſigh'd, and ſome their haire did teare

Far from a houſe it was where I did lye,
What comfort could they have if I ſhould dye,
Upon their hands reach to their friends did goe,
And my diſaſter told, their feare, my woe.
Then God awak'd a friend who heard the matter,
He ran with ſpeed and brought me his ſtrong-water,
His daughters followed him, they did repaire
Where I did lye, thither they brought a chaire,
His water did my heart and ſoule revive,
And made both life and death begin to ſtrive
In me; within the chaire was I layd,
And to his houſe I gently was conveyd;
And by relation there of many a one,
In halfe a mile was ſcarce another ſtone,
For to be ſeene, ſave that whereon I fell,
Yet where or how it was I cannot tell:
The Groome more bold and ventrous then the reſt,
Unto my Maſter rid, and him poſſeſt,
By breake of day what dire miſchance I had
Who roſe with ſpeed and came to me (moſt ſad)
By that time came a Surgeon unto me
To view my corps, but he no wound could ſee,
With him my Maſter ſtayd foure houres and more,
And they withall my friends did God implore
To ſave my life, I ſcarcely then had breath,
Which they perceiv'd, and gave me ore for death;
My Maſter then returning, newes was ſpread,
What chance I had, and how I lay as dead:
Which made my friends lament, and feare, and griev
Yet ſome that ſuddaine newes would ſcarce believe;

Moſt of that Country wide, and nere about,
Came thither to ſee, and to reſolve their doubt,
My Maſter riding home againe did find,
The Bayliffe of *Brecknocke* and the Townſmen kind,
To me they came, he met them by the way
And gave them thanks, they for my life did pray:
But ſure ſaid he, my Man is dead ere this,
He cannot live, or elſe I aime amiſſe.
Therefore you need not take ſuch paines in vaine,
Then all (as one) replyd to him againe,
We hope he'l live as yet this many a yeare,
Yet home he went, and thither ſent a biere,
To carry me upon when I was dead,
Whereon they plac'd me, underneath my head
A Scholler of mine, whom I did teach to write,
Thus I as dead did lye in dolefull plight,
Then on mens ſhoulders was I carried home,
To *Brecknocke* Priory, brought into that roome,
Wherein I lay full foure yeares and more,
A Covenant ſervant in that houſe before,
There I no ſooner was layd downe, but ſtraight
A Surgeon, and Phyſitian, both did wait
To view my mortall corps, and rufull fate,
For feare leaſt helpe and skill ſhould come too late.
Two dayes they did conſult and feele my head,
But diſagreed; then I being almoſt dead,
The'ternall juſt who kils, and doth reſtore
To life made them conſult no more:
And then the Surgeon found the Brain-pans rent,
Who an inciſion made to give it vent;

The fracture in the Temples he had found,
Where he did make a deſp'rate bloody wound,
There he the vaines did cut, then as a flood
Did iſſue thence, abundance of my blood,
In ſtreames it ran, till *I* had loſt my breath,
Then all men fear'd that *I* ſhould bleed to death:
Yet after *I* ſix quarts, or ſeaven did bleed,
My blood did ſtop, and *I* from paine was freed:
Then did my worthy Maſter ſend againe,
To divers Shires a Surgeon to obtaine
Who had more skill, for *I* was growne moſt weake,
Languiſh *I* did, they thought *I* could not ſpeake:
Thus *I* remain'd, a weeke (they ſay) and more,
In wofull caſe, impatience made me rore,
With me the Surgeon and Phyſition ſtaid,
Expecting ſtill to have more skilfull aid;
Now when 'twas thought that *I* was almoſt ſpent,
A skilfull Surgeon unto me God ſent
Out of *Glamorganſhire*, from thence he came
By chance, *John Nichols* was the Surgeons name,
Who when he ſaw how ghaſtly *I* did lye,
He ſaid *I* was paſt hopes to live, but dye
I ſhould ere it were long, and thought it beſt
For to with-hold his skill, and not moleſt
My lingring life, which made my Maſter grieve,
And thence returne; and ſay, he cannot live
If he no skill will ſhew, he needs muſt dye,
But if his beſt he doth, what remedy?
Then when my Maſters griefe and feare was paſt,
Unto the Surgeon he thus ſaid at laſt,

Be pleas'd *I* pray to let him dye with skill,
That's all *I* crave, for God muſt have his will.
The Surgeon then unto my Chamber turn'd,
Where many fear'd, and hop'd, and wept, and mourn'd,
Then did he raiſe me up; ſmall hopes *I* have
Saith he, death I doe ſmell, his life *I* cannot ſave.
Yet in the name of God he did begin,
To view the wound which *I* had for my ſin:
God out of ill drawes good, and who doth know
If unto him the Lord will mercy ſhow,
While that he breathes (ſaith he) in hope *I* live,
That God in mercy will aſſiſtance give
To what *I* undertake, *I* muſt confeſſe,
Ten thouſand in the world are kil'd with leſſe;
A ſtroake upon the Temples of the head,
Without a wound or fracture ſtrikes men dead,
Therefore my brother Surgeon ſhewd his skill,
Whoſe aid *I* crave, I ſhall applaud him ſtill:
If in the head the fracture were not found
Before this time he had beene in the ground:
In Brecknockeſhire he lives, one of his name
Did live in *Hereford*, and dy'd with fame,
He was a noted Surgeon of account,
Who to the ſeat of juſtice there did mount,
When *I* a Schoole-boy was, he then was Maior,
And ore the Citty ſwaid in juſtice chaire,
His name was *Thomas Williams*, there approv'd
For knowledge, wit and skill, of all belov'd.
My Surgeon here is of that name, and nature,
Ordain'd of God, to make me live Gods creature,

And here on earth his ſervant would I be,
To blaze his love and mercy unto me,
This dreadfull newes to *Hereford* did come,
Which ſtruck my brother, friends, and mother dumbe,
Then ſhe who never thought to viſit *Wales*,
God did appoint to mount thoſe hils and dales,
If any were within that ſad ſhort way,
She did not them reſpect, with delay:
She and my brother came with ſpeed to ſee,
What dire miſchance had happened unto me.
Oh! for my ſins is was on God bleſt day,
For which my Conſcience makes me faſt and pray,
His Sabbath I prophaned ſundry times,
But ſpecially I grieve for all thoſe crimes,
did on *Whitſunday* (declar'd before)
Which caus'd the Lord to puniſh me ſo ſore:
Wherefore with heart and ſoule I dayly pray,
That I may truely keepe his Sabbath day.
Lord make the world deteſt that great offence,
And let all Chriſtians have that ſpirituall ſence.
The Surgeon whom God ſent began to try,
His hopefull skill, my wound he did unty,
The ſharpe inciſion made, he open layd,
Which made (my friends) the lookers on affraid,
Saying with feare, if more blood this man ſpill,
He needs muſt dye, yet doth he dye with skill;
Then he replyd, thinke you my skill ſo ſmall,
What ere I doe there ſhall not much blood fall
From him, my fleſh he ſcar'd as he thought good,
And with his fingers ſtill he ſtopt the blood,

My

y skin he flaid, and did raſpe out that bone
hich in my temples craſt upon a ſtone;
t by Gods providence and Surgeons skill,
ſpoonfull more of blood he did not ſpill,
e bone wraſpt up it ſmeld egregiouſly,
d ore the braine he ſaid three skins did lye,
ach of them were putrify'd, then he
y linger yet, but long he cannot be
ve, two tainte, where the third was not
th putrifaction ſtain'd, blemiſh, or ſpot;
hereat my friends and Surgion did rejoyce,
hope the Lord my God did heare the voice
ſome that prayd, yet they an alteration
rd, which fell beyond mans expectation;
r God himſelfe which did my fleſh torment,
viv'd my ſoule, and made my heart repent,
en in the morne before the breake of day,
e Surgeon ſent to ſee how quiet I lay,
y loving friends who watcht with me that night,
ith courteous words againe did him require,
ely ſaid they the Surgeon hands are bleſt,
r ſince his fall he took: not ſo much reſt:
e former Surgeon his attendance gave,
d all things brought which he deſir'd to have,
eir care, their paines, their love did ſtill abound,
ey griev'd, they fear'd, they hop'd I mercy found
th God, and when they hopes of life did ſee,
y prais'd the Lord, and each one prayd for me,
n did they view my dreadfull wound againe,
d order gave what meats I ſhould refraine,

And

And when my grievous wound they view and dreſt,
The Surgeon (God did ſend) made this requeſt,
Cauſe I have many patients here, and there,
And my long abſence might put them in feare,
I pray be pleas'd ſith feare of death is paſt,
That unto them againe I now may haſt;
His brother *Williams* he would leave with me,
For under God he ſav'd your life ſaid he,
Had not he found the fracture in the head,
And an inciſion made, you had beene dead
Before this time, therefore you live to God,
All comes from him, he ſmote you with his rod;
Theſe words my Maſters pleas'd my friends alſo,
Who ſaid to him, you know your time to goe,
Let us not hinder you, goe when you pleaſe,
For God appointed you to give him eaſe,
After which time he two dayes more did ſtay,
But then with ſpeed he ſeem'd to poſt away;
The former Surgeon then his skill did ſhew,
But how this wound I had I did not know;
For after I abus'd the Sabbath day,
I did remaine in health a weeke (they ſay)
And more, but all that time I cannot tell
What ere I did, being then both ſound and well,
Nor ſix weekes after I was hurt (alas)
Nothing I know, nor how it came to paſſe,
But by relation I will make it knowne,
Wherefore Gods judgement was upon me ſhowne,
It was for mine offence ſeven weekes before,
Which ſtill I doe remember, but no more,

ing thoſe things I did on *Whitſunday*,
r then *I* know from God *I* went aſtray:
ithin ſix weekes the Surgeon came againe
me, but then (they ſaid) *I* told him plaine,
new him not, wherefore he did reply,
ur braines *I* felt when you were like to dye,
itneſſe this bone which then *I* tooke from you,
friends did ſay (alas) it's too too true,
under God did ſave your life on earth,
d gave a being to your ſecond birth;
en as a child *I* did begin to goe,
d ſenſeleſſe liv'd of griefe, of paine, of woe;
mother and my friends newly did grieve,
d prayd, that *I* ſo ſimple might not live,
ey of a wedding ſpeake, where *I* had beene,
iſhing that *I* thoſe parties nere had ſeene;
hereat *I* mus'd, for *I* had cleane forgot
e ſame, alas ſaid *I*, *I* know it not,
th not the Lord new moulded me agen,
d makes me now a ſpectacle for men
o gaze upon: but tis my makers pleaſure,
hich I imbrace, as worldlings doe their treaſure,
is Sabbath I prophan'd, not once, nor twice,
t too too oft, for which I Sacrifice
heſe ſighs of mine, my wound it fairely heal'd,
hich pleas'd my Surgeon well, yet he appeal'd
o God, he could not make me ſpeake againe,
et I but halfe a yeare did ſo remaine,
ay in a moneth or two my health I had,
hough weake and feeble, melancholly ſad,

But then my Mother ſhe my double nurſe,
Departed home, whereat I griev'd, far worſe
To thinke my faculties from me were gon,
Which made me ſigh and pray to God alone
For grace, and that he would be pleas'd to ſee,
My dolefull caſe, my feare, infirmitie.
In mercy then my memory he ſent
Againe, and gave me grace for to repent,
Then on the Sabbath day my thoughts did run,
I griev'd, I mourn'd, to thinke what I had done
On *Whit ſunday* before declar'd, (alas)
For which I feare the heav'ns brought this to paſſe
On me, and makes me to the world relate
The cauſe, that mortall man that ſin may hate.
My heart condemnes me ſtill for that offence,
Cauſe ſeven weeks after, I had loſt each ſenſe,
My memory fayld in all things that I knew
Before that time, which I before did ſhew,
Then in my griefe I ſlept, and in my ſleepe
The Angell ſpoke that did my body keepe.
Yet foure, and thou ſhalt be as thou haſt beene,
Which made me hope at foure weeks end t'have ſeen
It come to paſſe, but that night in a Dreame
The Angell ſpake againe, foure yeares I meane,
With that I wak't, and prais'd the God of might,
Who in my ſleepe reſolv'd my doubt that night,
Which made my heart rejoyce, then as I prayd,
The ſpirit ſpake againe, and thus it ſaid,
Gods ſacred Booke take thou and underſtand
His will, read it, and marke what he commands,

Doe not deſpaire, he knowes thy judgement's weake,
Thy heart he knows, & what thy tongue would ſpeake,
Obſerve, and note his mercies manifold
To haynous ſinners, our fore-forefathers old;
Which Booke in time I read, in hope, in feare
Yet ſpeechleſſe I remain'd for halfe a yeare,
After that dreadfull accident moſt ſtrange;
But then my deſperate thoughts to faith did change.
Now when the Idoll of vaine pleaſure, ſhe
Whom on the Lords day I did ride to ſee,
Was of her ſickneſſe late recovered quite,
Her lewd temptation made my ſoule affright;
But then I found God was diſpleas'd likewiſe
With her, the Load-ſtone to my miſeries,
For on his bleſſed day, his day of reſt,
His word I loath'd when ſhe my heart poſſeſt.
To her I rid, who likewiſe did prophane
Gods day; for which (offence) ſhe came to ſhame.
That yeare, ſhe from thoſe parts diſgracefull fled,
And in another ſhire was brought to bed;
The child being borne, of it ſhe was bereft
By death, ere ſince her native place ſhe left,
Therefore I pray as God converted me,
Doe ſo O Lord to her where ere ſhe be:
Then from my mother ſpeedily I heard,
My father in law lay ſicke, his death ſhe fear'd,
Which made me ſtrive to write my mind againe
To her, and then I wiſht her to refraine
To grieve exceſſively if he ſhould dye,
God would provide enough for her and I,

After which time, eight dayes he liv'd (the moſt)
Then as they ſay, he yeelded up the ghoſt:
Which when I heard I griev'd, yet then
I thought that God did looke on me agen,
And for my mothers good this chance befell,
That after ages may this Story tell;
When ſhe was married to that ſecond man,
I then being Prentice from my Maſter ran,
Becauſe *I* griev'd at her unluckie fate,
I fear'd her choice would prove unfortunate,
Which ſoone did come to paſſe: his gains did ſlip
Still through his hands by too oft ſuretiſhip,
Which made my mother vex, ſhe wept, ſhe griev'd,
Yea ſmall content ſhe had while here he liv'd:
Wherefore this dire miſchance the Lord did ſend
To me, that ſhe in *Wales* might me attend,
But when to *Hereford* ſhe was return'd
Within eight dayes ſhe for her husband mourn'd,
Whoſe unexpected death perplext her heart;
But then Mans chiefe protector tooke her part;
On her my thoughts did run, *I* could not reſt
Untill ſhe yeelded to my ſmall requeſt;
Which onely was that ſhe would live with me,
The which the pow'rs divine did firſt decree.
With me my fathers name ſhe had againe,
'Cauſe I her ſon as husband did remaine,
Two yeares being paſt and gon in hope I liv'd,
At Bath to gaine my ſpeech, for which I griev'd,
Which made me often to be vext and croſt,
For all my faculties and ſpeech I loſt;

At Bath I ſtayd nine dayes in expectation,
Not as brave gallants doe for recreation,
But I with Faith and hope my time did ſpend,
Then as from Bath I rid, at the Townes end
My horſe did ſtumble at a heape of ſtones,
Whereon *I* fell, there might *I* breake my bones,
My foot within the Srirrop hung to ſhew,
My life, my ſoule, my all to God *I* owe,
He made my horſe afraid to ſtirre or move,
From thence, untill my foot *I* did remove
Out of the Stirrop then my friend came in
And held my horſe, who ſaw that *I* had bin
Deliv'red ſafe from harme; but fearefull ſad,
Which made me thinke upon a dreame *I* had,
Two yeares before, my heart did then perceive
God might my braines daſh out, and me bereave
Of life; becauſe *I* did miſtruſt that he
At foure yeares end would make me be
As I had beene, Lord pardon me for it,
And *I* ſhall wait untill thou thinkſt it fit
To make me ſound, yet I in *Briſtoll* ſtayd
At that new well, till I was there afraid
Of Gods all-ſeeing power, then did I grieve,
Becauſe my faith would not a dreame beleeve;
And I returned home againe with ſpeed,
Where for my ſecret ſins my heart did bleed,
Then did I call to mind what God had pend,
There I obſerv'd Gods mercies hath no end;
(*M*ade knowne by's Prophets and Apoſtles grave)
Which did increaſe my faith, and comfort gave,

To me, yea there I markt what fearefull ſin,
Our fore-fathers did too too much runne in,
Gods mighty wrath they often did provoke;
Yet ſoone it vaniſht as the Airy ſmoake:
But moſt ſevere he hath beene unto thoſe,
Who did his Sabbath breake when they might chooſe,
Witneſſe the man who for a ſmall offence
On Gods bleſt day, death was his recompence,
He onely gathered ſticks to ſerve his need,
But from neglect or ſloth it did proceed;
God ſeaven dayes did make, and did exempt
But one for his owne uſe, now in contempt
If man abuſe his Sabbath which he bleſt,
And from his worldly labours will not reſt.
Or if we lewdly ſpend the Sabbath day,
Or careleſſely his ſacred will obey;
Or if that day our duties we neglect,
For that offence wee may the like expect,
But he that gathered ſticks and *I* have bin,
Thus plagu'd, that others may abhorre that ſin.
Prayſed be God for it, though *I* have beene
Ere ſince perplext in mind; yet hath he ſeene
Me dayly on my knees for mercy praying,
And with repentant teares alwayes am ſaying,
O Lord, my God, my faith, my hope encreaſe.
My weake petitions grant, when thou ſhalt pleaſe:
Yet all thoſe faculties which I enjoy'd,
For ſeven yeares, the Lord my God annoy'd.
But *I* with faith and hope did alwayes pray
Unto him ſtill, whoſe mercy doth o'reiway

His juſtice great, for in all ages paſt,
Gods dreadfull wrath did but a moment laſt:
And his chaſtiſement which in mercy fall,
The greater bleſſings doe attend them all,
Witneſſe the Thiefe that dyed with our Saviour,
His faith upon the Croſſe, his laſt behaviour,
Made him with Jeſus Chriſt to live for ever,
And with the Saints he Lauds th'Almighty giver
Of Heaven and Earth, of joy, of Peace, of Reſt,
(The onely man that at his Death was bleſt)
Now ſeeing in mercy God chaſtiſed me,
With faith I hope, my life was his decree,
(He turn'd my teares to ſmiles, and in my ſleepe
The Spirit that ſpake true promiſe then did keepe)
For long before the time was at an end,
A married wife from *London* God did ſend,
Unto her husband who in *Bre Lnocke* liv'd,
Where he with ſickneſſe was long vext, and griev'd.
Now in this ſecond Matrymoniall knot,
Gods love and mercy ſhall not be forgot,
For when the Sick-mans meanes was almoſt gon,
It was encreaſt (paſt hopes) by God alone,
Who made his wife returne to eaſe his heart,
And from her gold moſt freely ſhe did part,
She travail'd, far and neere, by day, and night,
To gaine Phyſitions aid if that ſhe might,
No coſt ſhe ſpar'd, no phyſicke did he lacke,
But all in vaine, for death at cruſht his backe,
Yet God did make their love againe more ſtrong,
Then ere it was, which death did croſſe ere long,

For *Atropo's* ſtole with his dierfull knife,
And ſuddainly did cut his thred of life:
Before his death ſhe dream'd by her relation
Unto their friends, beyond mans expectation,
She being with child was often ſicke with feare,
Then in a dreame her Unckle did appeare
To her, and to her comfort thus he ſaid:
Thinke on Chriſt Jeſus, be not thou diſmaid,
On wedneſday thou ſhalt eaſe and comfort have,
But when ſhe wak'd the man was in his grave;
In duſt and aſhes he was long before,
For he had then beene dead ſix yeares and more.
Her husband being intomb'd within the earth,
Two children ſtrove in her to have their birth,
Then two moneths after upon Friday night,
Strong throws and labour did her ſoule affright,
Yea day by day ſhe was in mortall paine,
Untill that hopefull wedneſday came againe,
The Mid-wife and her friends this counſell gave,
To cut her wombe, that ſhe her life might ſave,
But ſhe replied, nay, God forbid that I,
Should rip my wombe, no, rather let me dye;
But on the wedneſday morne that followed next,
Her griefe encreaſt, and ſhe was more perplext,
Then from her wombe a ſweet girle there did ſpring,
Which did encreaſe her faith, not feare deaths ſting;
Yet then her throws encreas'd, ſhe had more paine,
Till from her wombe a dead child ſprung againe,
Which was a boy, the girle on earth did live
Eleaven dayes. Then Chriſt her ſoule did give

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To God, and all her friends with one accord,
Did humbly praiſe th'eternall mighty Lord,
Who ſuch a wonder on a ſtranger wrought,
The like was never ſeene in *Wales* tis thought,
God ſav'd her life paſt hopes, and made her know
The day, that his great mercy he would ſhow
To her, her friends thus ſaid, ſhe was belov'd
Of God, for God her faith and patience prov'd,
She was chaſtis'd to ſhew that ſhe was bleſt,
God ſpar'd her life, her faith the heavens increaſt,
Her love, her care of him who caus'd her wo,
Doth ſhew her faith, yet ſhe (they ſaid) muſt do
The like (no doubt), Gods glory ſhe muſt raiſe,
For which ſhe lives, to gaine eternall praiſe;
Ceaſe doting Muſe in vaine thou ſetſt her forth,
God knowes her heart, let heav'ns make knowne her worth;
She being reſtored to her health againe,
Among her huſbands friends ſhe did maintaine
Her ſelfe, according to her rancke and blood,
In modeſt ſort, during her widdow-hood
She taught, to ſow, to waſh, to ſtarch, to read,
Her love, her fame in divers ſhires did ſpread,
From whence the Gentry did their children ſend
To her, her breeding they did ſtill commend,
Her paines, her care, her love gave all content,
The heaven of heavens did know her true intent:
Then did ſhe dreame againe as twas reported,
A Painter to her company reſorted,
He gain'd her love, to him ſhe married was,
But thought that it would never come to paſſe

When she awak't, but in the morning she
Did aske what Painters here in *Wales* might be,
Her friends reply'd, truly we know not well,
But in this Towne there's one we all can tell:
This night said she, a Painter won my love,
A blacke haird man, of him *I* did approve,
But now the Painter I have lost, my love
Is God, who did my faith, and patience prove.
Then when she was growne strong, she did returne
Unto that house where she began to mourne,
For her late husband dead, but when againe
She came, my mother neere her did remaine,
Where they close neighbors for a twelve month liv'd,
And oft discours'd, sometimes wherefore they griev'd,
My mother finding her most loving, courteous kind,
Of good conditions, and a zealous mind,
They both were intimate, and liv'd together
More deare then neighbours; for *I* knew not whether
Greater affection bore unto each other:
Then for her kind respects unto my Mother,
In commendations of her blessed name,
I these unpolisht lines did frame,
Mary a Virgin God and Man did beare,
Who conquer'd Death for those in thraldome were,
And you in name and nature blest also,
For health unto the Virgins Son did go,
Your love, your faith, your hope in God your joy,
Brought you to him, who did death, hell, destroy:
Then when the Spirits promise did grow neere,
Fresh hopes reviv'd my heart, as shall appeare,

My ſenſes all benumb'd, my drooping mind,
My tongue, my limbs did alteration find,
(For when my ſpeech and faculties *I* loſt,
Upon deepe deſpaires tombe my heart was toſt)
And now the heavens who life doth ſtill preſage,
Bound up my wounds, and bids me cheriſh age,
What cares, what feares then har bour'd in my breſt,
Is knowne to him who matrimony bleſt.
He made me goe unto my Mothers friend,
That faithfull widdow whom ſhe did commend;
Our hearts we linkt in one, we did agree
When that our Nuptiall day ſhould be,
Which now I note twas juſt foure dayes before
The foure yeeres were expired and no more,
Upon which day ſhe ſaid, for you *I* tarried,
My life God ſpar'd for you, yet was *I* married
A twelve moneth ſince, unto an Artiſt kind,
Unto a blacke hair'd Painter, but I find
Dreames are but fantaſies, they'r ſeldome true.
Then I replyd, that dreame perhaps comes now,
For I a Painter am, or would be ſo
Though I of late no faculty could ſhow,
And Doctor *Laud* the Lord Archbiſhops grace
Of *Canterbury*, being Biſhop of this place
Saint *Davies* calld, his Lordſhip promiſe made
That by Commiſſion I ſhould uſe that trade,
Throughout his Dioces, to beautifie
The Houſe of God, by his authoritie;
And though of late he be tranſlated hence,
Your dreame my hopes revive without offence,

Then when the next Lord Biſhop there did come,
For to ſucceed the Lord Arch-biſhops roome,
Thats now, in my behalfe my Maſter ſpake
To him, who nobly for my Maſters ſake
The like Commiſſion cauſed to be made
For me, I his aſſiſtance had, and aid;
Then with my men Gods houſe I did adorne,
Although before I ſeem'd as one forlorne,
But riding on the Sabbath day againe,
My ſoule and conſcience griev'd, and did complaine
Againſt my heart, God now the umpire is
Who will not ſuffer man to doe amiſſe;
Then as I rid I thus reſolv'd the doubt,
It is Gods houſe which makes me ride about;
Therefore *I* know I doe not God offend,
With that my heart did faint, becauſe the end
Was for my gaine, and not to rectifie
The houſe of God, which I did beautifie,
Then my Commiſſion cloſe two yeeres I ſtaid,
Becauſe my greedy heart made me diſmayd,
My wife being then with Child, that night when ſhe
Did hope by her account her Child to ſee,
At midnight ſhe fell in a ſhivering fit,
Whom I awakt and askt the cauſe of it,
This night ſaith ſhe, when *I* expected eaſe,
My ſpirit or guardian angell, which you pleaſe,
To me did ſpeake, whereat I was affrighted;
Thinke not (its ſaid) that you ſhall yet be lighted,

On AllSaints day God hath decreed that you
Shall then be brought to bed, alas its now
Full ſix weekes hence, (ſaith ſhe) alas that I
Muſt ſo long yet endure this miſery,
Yet tis Gods will ſhe ſaid, his name Ile praiſe,
His will be done, he hath prolong'd my dayes.
Then in the morne ſhe heart of grace did take,
All griefe, all feare diſtruſt ſhe did forſake,
On AllSaints eve her labour then begun,
Sad gripes and throwes in every part did run,
But by the breake of day on that bleſt morne
That followed next, a man child ſhe had borne
Into the world, wherefore ſhe prais'd the Lord,
Bleſſing his name who hath perform'd his word,
With her, and ſaid I moſt unworthy am
To know thy will or call upon thy name.
Then I another courſe of life did undertake,
And for a time all Painting did forſake,
Becauſe a friend of mine was Sheriffe there,
And his Recorder made me for that yeare,
I by that place experience ſtill did gaine,
There I with credit did my charge maintaine,
My ſon by promiſe by my wifes relation,
God bleſt with vertue, beyond expectation:
He being a twelvemoneth old or ſomewhat more,
His mother dream'd againe as heretofore,
When Miſtreſſe *Priſe* of *Brecknocke* Priory lay
Moſt dangerous ſicke, expecting every day

The time ſhe would this wretched life depart,
Cauſe all Phyſitians fayld with skill and Art,
To cure her long diſeaſe, yet if ſhe playd
With her young child, a voice unto her ſaid,
She ſhould be eas'd of each ſicke tedious fit,
But wiſht my houſhold not to ſpeake of it,
Leaſt ſhe ſhould there be made a laughing ſtocke,
For dreames are fancies which doe moſt men mocke:
Still Miſtreſſe *Priſe* lay ſicke as heretofore,
After that time a moneth I know and more,
About which time my wife did ride to ſee
Her mother, friends and kindred, Gods decree
That morne ſhe went from home one privatly
Reveal'd her dreame, but told it ſecretly
To Miſtreſſe *Priſe*, who for my child did ſend
To ſee if after that her griefe would end,
The child being brought to her, with him ſhe playd,
And him Phyſition cald, but thus ſhe pray'd,
Lord if it be thy will that I ſhall live,
And haſt ordain'd this meanes I praiſes give,
Unto thy ſacred name, for this thy love,
Bleſſe this ſweet child with grace, that he may prove
Thy Servant here on earth, and in the end,
Make his ſweet ſoule unto thy Throne aſcend.
After the child's being there ſhe mended ſtill,
And did recover her health, Gods ſacred will,
His mother ſcarce a weeke from home did ſtay,
After the child with Miſtreſſe *Priſe* did play,
But God was pleas'd before my wife came home,
To make my Miſtreſſe walke about her roome:

Then

Then God reſtor'd her to her health againe,
And ever ſince in health ſhe doth remaine,
She can declare the truth which *I* have Writ,
To ſhew the gift of God I thought moſt fit,
I having now diſcharg'd in *Brecknock ſhire*,
The Shire-Clerks place, which held but for a yeere,
It pleas'd the Judges there my will to grace,
And did confer on me another place,
They made me an Attorney at th'Aſſiſe,
Which office there my fortunes did not riſe,
Becauſe my Clyants they were Welſh-men bred,
And when they ſpake, I knew not what they ſed,
Then I a Prentiſe tooke and thought it fit,
To teach him all things that was requiſite,
But when I found he Welſh and Engliſh ſpake,
I thought with him I ſhould more profit make,
If he and I with my Commiſſion went
T'adorne the Houſe of God : then my intent
And purpoſe I began, yet ſtill I prayd
My God, my Lord, who made my ſoule affraid,
T'aſſiſt my good deſire, Lord ſend me skill
Againe t'adorne thy houſe, he knew my will,
He was my ayd, though he chaſtiſed me,
He makes me cautious of his bleſt decree.
Though I did once prophane his day of reſt,
Henceforth I hope t'obſerve his Sabbath bleſt,
For on that day within his ſacred Booke,
My heart and ſoule for profit there ſhall looke,
His grace and favour I have found againe ;
He with his bleſſings doth my life ſuſtaine.

Still he is pleas'd t'assist me with his grace,
Which doth my mind content in every place,
Yet every day my sorrows did encrease,
Because my speciall friends did still decrease,
Death strikes them here too fast, ah me I grieve,
To see strong Oakes cast downe and brambles live:
Then when I left my Church-worke every night,
I still would take a Pen, and thus did write.

Wee Painters erre to picture death still blind,
For I observe he sees the best to find,
But meagre death thy Dart hath done them good,
Thrice happie they wherein thy sting hath stood,
Thou art deceiv'd, their soules to heaven flye,
Though in the earth their bodies rotting lye,
Thy ghastly pale grim face makes friends to weepe,
When thy sharpe dart makes friends in earth to sleepe,
Yet nought thou canst with all thy hate or love,
Save what's decreed by that three-one above,
Then let me spare to rave and be content,
He is commanded by th'Omnipotent:
He doth command the world, and him also,
Therefore let us prepare with death to go,
Let those alas who too too oft have stood,
More for the Church goods then the Churches good,
Repent and grieve for it with awfull feare,
Praysing his name who doth his rod forbeare,
And let those great ones next who seeme most strong,
Can hardly offer right or suffer wrong:
Let them with humble hearts and soules confesse,
That heretofore they weakely did transgresse;

Let

Let every one make privie ſearch within,
And with repentance root out damned ſin,
Let's firmely love, yea with a tender heart,
All envie, malice, diſcord ſet apart,
Such ſins as thoſe, and others not much leſſe,
Is th'onely cauſe of griefe and heavineſſe,
Twas not their ſins alone which bred our woe,
But ours with theirs, and many ſinners mo,
We are the cauſe alas, as well as they,
For which our friends ſo ſoone doe rot in clay,
We oft ſpeake faire and love is dayly faind,
Gold ſome doe make their God, ungodly gaind.
When men grow rich they then grow inſolent,
Scorning the poore and harmeleſſe innocent,
Gods wrath we doe provoke, he oft doth threat,
With bitter teares let's humbly him intreat
To ſave the reſt, and turne his wrath away,
Oh! turne us Lord, I'm bold my ſelfe to pray,
For, for our ſins, and for our wicked crimes,
Thou tak'ſt away the godly oftentimes:
God takes from us in my conceipt the beſt,
My faithfull friends with death he did arreſt;
Thus I my heart did eaſe at idle times,
With making ſuch unpleaſant dolefull lines;
Six ſheets of Paper cloſely did I write,
The more I griev'd bewail'd the more I might,
Of them I onely here have given a touch,
To Criticks eares I know its too too much:
Therefore I le ceaſe, and hold on my diſcourſe,
In praiſe of God, which may perhaps ſeeme worſe

To them; when *I* had gon through *Brecknockſhire*,
And Painted moſt of all the Churches there,
My Prentiſe did deſire his friends to ſee,
And with his father rid to *Mountgom'ry*,
That day from *Herefordſhire* a meſſage came,
To me, (and ſaid, that there God ſpread my fame)
I thither muſt make haſt without delay,
And there reſolve a moneth or two to ſtay,
To teach young Gentlemen to write with ſpeed,
Whom Doctor *Rogers* in his houſe did breed,
To them I went, where I did find ſuch love,
As if the powers divine had from above
Decreed, that to my native place I muſt returne,
And for the good of others am I borne.
My Prentiſe then return'd to me no more,
Wherefore my Church Commiſſion I gave ore.
Now was my firſt borne ſon on All Saints day
Juſt five yeers old; and as my friends did ſay,
About that time, the day, the houre of's birth,
His bleſſed ſoule forſooke this mortall earth,
Then on the morrow when I heard that newes,
I came unto my houſe where I did uſe,
A *Iob*-like patient mind, and prays'd the Lord,
Not doubting but his mercy would afford
Me grace to be content, then did I write
And make this Epitaph, his fathers mite,

On All Saints day thou didſt draw vitall breath,
On All Saints day God ſent for thee by death
On All Saints morne twas five yeeres ſince that time,
Thou firſt unto thy mothers papes did climbe

God

God cald thee hence; twice all the Saints did ſhow,
Thou waſt a jewell which God himſelfe did owe,
God did decree that all the Saints ſhould bring
Thee to the earth, and fetch thee to their King:
Who ſo is borne to day and dyes to morrow,
Looſeth few dayes of mirth but moneths of ſorrow.
Then when ſome mournfull dayes for him were paſt,
To *Herefordſhire* againe I did make haſt,
Unto my Schollers there, but by the way
I at a zealous houſe was forc't to ſtay,
Whoſe ſons that Doctor did inſtruct, and I
Their want in th'Arte of writing did ſupply;
And as I backe returned home againe,
At that religious houſe, I did remaine
All night, and on the Sabbath day *I* went
From thence, (unknowne) becauſe I would prevent
The time, for riding to and fro ſo far,
My expectation it did ſeeme to bar,
But when I came to them againe I heard,
A mild diſcourſe, which made my ſoule affeard:
Cauſe I againe had treſpaſt on Gods day,
For which offence I wept, and thus did pray,
Be pleas'd O Lord to make me recompence,
My weake deſire and wilfull ignorance,
With zeale devout, Lord ſhield me every where,
From bold preſumption, griefe, deſpaire, and feare;
Then as through *Hereford* I often paſt,
The Free Schoole-Maſter, and his friends at laſt,
With many a Towneſ-man there did ſpeake to me,
That in their City I ſometimes would be

To teach to write. For in your native Towne
Said they, where you once liv'd, your fame is blown
Their kind perſwaſion ſoon impreſſion tooke,
In me, for *Wales* I inſtantly forſooke
And all preferments there, to *Hereford*
I came, whoſe Church and Colledge will afford,
A penſive man true comfort in diſtreſſe,
True food for ſoules and men in heavineſſe.
Now in this City can I ſcarcely gaine
Sufficient meanes, yet doe I ſtill maintaine
My ſelfe, my family, taxations pay,
And all God ſends, to whom I faſt and pray.
Grant me thy grace O God, contentment ſtill,
Lord my ambition is to doe thy will,
Thou know'ſt that's all the wealth I wiſh on earth,
Which is thy gracious gift (my ſecond birth.)
My heart, my ſoule ſhall on my God relie,
His name I bleſſe, I praiſe, I magnifie,
Which is the cauſe that I this Mite have writ,
To ſhew my zeale, but not to blaze my wit
Which is but weake, a Tradeſ-man weake I am,
Whom Chriſt I hope hath cald t'adore his name.

The

THE PRAYER.

O Lord God everlasting, Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, glorious, holy and mercifull art thou in all thy works, of thy goodnesse and mercy thou mad'st me of the dust of the earth, breathing in me the breath of life, to the intent I should continually serve thee, but I a miserable and wretched sinner, following the steps of my first parents, transgressed thy commandements, and have beene often inveigled by the world the flesh and the divell to breake thy Sabbath, for which my conscience perswades me (by many infallible reasons) that thou in mercy hast afflicted me for the same, yet upon my weake humiliation thou wast pleased (after thy chastisement) to comfort my heart with the remembrance of thy fatherly love declared in thy sacred word, for thou causedst thine onely Son Christ Iesus to descend from thy throne of Majesty into this vale of woe and misery, who became as it were a sinfull man and suffered the most shamefull death of the Crosse for my sins, and for the sinnes of all Mankind, he being spotlesse and righteous; nevertheless I still erred and procured thy wrath and indignation against me, yet in mercy thou only afflictedst me for my sins & offences, piercing my conscience for prophaning thy Sabbath, for which thou mightest justly have consumed me, and rooted me out from the face of the earth, but thy mercy overswayed thy justice, for thou sparedst my life when all that saw me or heard of me said I was either dead, or past hopes of recovery, verifying in me the Apostles words, This is the Lords doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes, and what thy Servant David said is true in me, Lord thou hast chastised and corrected me, but hast not given

me over to death; therefore my heart and soule and all my vita
spirits shall magnifie thy great name, beseeching thee for Iesu
Christs sake, if it be thy blessed will and pleasure, to restore m
to my former strength, speech, health, memory and faculties: tha
I may hereafter walke faithfully before thee, all the dayes of th
my earthly pilgrimage, doing, and performing diligently, (wit
faith hope and zeale) those things which thou commandest me
banishing from my heart presumption and despaire. Lord forgiv
me my former sins and iniquities which I ungraciously (an
partly thorow ignorance) have committed against thee. Tho
knowest O God my simplenesse, and what I need, better then
can aske or crave, therefore in all humility I refer my will to th
blessed pleasure, beseeching thee O most gracious Father to con
tinue, multiply and increase thy love and favour bestowed on m
that I never offend thee in thought, word, deed, or consent, an
when it shall please thee to call for this my wretched body out
this miserable world, that my Saviour may present it spotlesse un
to thee amongst thine elect, notwithstanding the wickednes of m
corrupt nature: which blessing I humbly beg at thy mercifu
hands for the merits of thy only Son Christ Iesus my Saviour
redeemer, and advocate O immortall, eternall, and everliving
God, from the bottome of my heart and soule I blesse magnifie an
adore thy sacred name, beseeching thee again and againe for Iesu
sake, to accept of these my humble petitions, although my hand
not able to write, nor heart conceive the praises due unto thee, ne
ther can any tongue declare thy love, goodnes, and mercy. Wherfo
I conclude this my humble desire, praise, and thanksgiving wi
that absolute prayer which thy Son my advocate Iesus Chri
hath taught us saying, Our Father which art in Heaven

&c.

FINIS.